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CRYPTO
Volume II, Number V
November 1999
CRYPTO
Crypto: Hidden or Secret, from the Greek kruptos meaning hidden
"Mine is not a learned disquisition. It is simply a collection of zoological curiosities, put together to suit the popular taste of to-day, and as such only should it be critically judged.
John Ashton
Curious Creatures in Zoology (Cassell Publishing House, New York; 1890)

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Cross-stitch by Angel Heinselman, 1999
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CRYPTO
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News Note: Bernard Heuvelmans' Legacy

zoologie
On October 13, 1999 the Museum of Zoology (Musée cantonal de Zoologie) in Lausanne, Switzerland opened a public exhibition of the archives of the father of Cryptozoology, Bernard Heuvelmans. The archives were donated by Heuvelmans to the museum and mark the largest collection of cryptozoological information in the world. These archives contain nearly 1000 books, 25,000 files, 12,000 slides, international correspondence, fragmentary evidence, 25,000 photographs and much more.
Although a great donation to the world. The idea of Heuvelmans giving away his work casts a shadow on the field. Not in any way a detriment to the man who has inspired many in this field of study, but a shadow of our own mortality and what will be lost to the world, and zoology in particular, as Bernard Heuvelmans and other prominent and influential researchers progress in years.
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Sources:
Postings to the French e-mail list crypto@lists.zigzag be
The Canton de Vaud web-site at http://www.vd.ch
Le musée cantonal de Zoologie web-site on Cryptozoology (Cryptozoologia) at http://www.lausanne.ch/musees/zool/cryptozoologie/default.htm
News Note: The Bite of a New Species
In the journal Herpetologica (55 (3)) the description of a new form of pit viper from Veracruz, Mexico is published. Although new reptile species are as interesting as new mammal and avian descriptions, what makes this one more so is that one of the researchers was actually bitten by this new species.
Described as Cerrophidion petalcalensis, this new species inhabits the mountainous areas of the southern Sierra Madre Oriental in Veracruz. It joins the genus Cerrophidion along side three other members, Cerrophidion barbouri described in 1919 from Guerrero, Cerrophidion godmani described in 1985 from Southeast Mexico and Cerrophidion tzotzilorum described in 1985 from Meseta Central. All are smallish montane pit vipers, with this newest member's venom being rather potent.
From a minimal strike and impact by a male's fangs into the finger of Marco Antonio Lopez-Luna an almost immediate reaction occurred. Even though suction was applied almost immediately, there was swelling of the digit within 15 minutes that did not lessen, but rather spread to the forearm for nearly 4 days. So although new species are amazing to find, a word of caution must go out, the species may bite back if found.
Sources:
Lopez-Luna, Marco Antonio, Vogt, Richard, Torre-Loranca, Miguel Angel De La, A New Species of Montane Pitviper from Veracruz, Mexico, Herpetologica 55(3), 1999
Posting to e-mail list Venom-L, October 24, 1999

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Nessie, Dan and a Submarine
By Gary Campbell, President of the Official Loch Ness Monster Fan Club
Dan Scott Taylor, famous for his failed 1969 attempt to find Nessie in a home made submarine, has announced that he will definitely be returning to Loch Ness in summer 2000. This follows from a similar promise that he made to be there in 1999 - one that he failed to keep
Dan's project has now taken a more commercial turn with Tony Harmsworth, a resident of the Loch Ness area, being appointed as commercial manager for the UK end of the venture. Tony, who was a manager of the company that went bust to the tune of 500,000USD at Fort Augustus Abbey by the loch last year, has indicated that he will be looking for a seven figure sponsorship deal. Dan intends searching for Nessie in a new, but still home made, submarine with the sponsorship being used to deliver his craft to the loch and funding the venture whilst there.
What Dan with his "gung-ho" attitude doesn't seem to realize is that he may not be welcome at Loch Ness. He stated earlier this year on a Canadian radio station that his primary aim for returning was to "complete the job he had been engaged to do by World Book Encyclopedias in 1969". When contacted, World Book Encyclopedias made it very clear that they had nothing to do with, nor could condone this latest attempt by Dan.

In a further interview, Dan also said that he had been invited by the "locals" to carry out his expedition. When pressed, he revealed that the "locals" in question were in fact the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau. This is an organization that disbanded in 1972.

Notwithstanding who he thinks has invited him, Dan appears to have overlooked the legalities involved in this venture. The creature in Loch Ness is protected under a number of UK statutes and recently the local police said that they would be taking a keen interest in anything Dan intends doing

Northern Constabulary's Animal Inspectors Officer, John Grierson, said:

"I am sure that it will come under the Protection of Animals (Scotland) Act 1912 which makes it an offense to be cruel to any animal"

The cruelty referred to involves Dan's promise to harpoon Nessie to retrieve a biopsy sample for analysis. Recently, Dan has said that this will involve a chase, as the harpoon will be situated on the bow of his craft. This particular promise may cause further problems for Dan. Loch Ness is part of the Caledonian Canal, a navigable waterway. As such, it comes under the auspices of the British Waterways board, a UK government body.

They have shown great unease at what Dan intends doing, particularly with his intentions to first chase and then harpoon living creatures in what is a commercial shipping lane. Furthermore, as Dan intends staying for quite a duration he may well need an engineering certificate from the board. I think it would be a brave inspector who certifies as safe a submarine built by an non-engineer in his back yard, who has gone on record as saying that the only blueprints are "in his head."

I may be accused of being parochial, but my advice to Dan would be to steer clear. This is because I think he is likely to be a danger to himself and others if he carries on with his plans. At best the whole project appears to be an ill thought out dream of a amateur submariner which could land him in prison, at worst it may cost lives.

If he is that keen to hunt monsters in a submarine, why not try out Lakes Champlain and Okanagan first. After all they are a lot closer to home for Dan. Just make sure he informs the locals first though!

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Commentary: Lake Vostok, Dinosaurs and Chet Raymo

Beneath the Antarctic ice sheet lies a lost world, a lake roughly the size of Lake Ontario that has been sealed off from the upper world for untold thousands of years, this is Lake Vostok. This is not a new discovery, scientists have known of sub-ice-sheet water since at least the 1970's, however recently plans have been prepared to penetrate this virgin lake. Most do not expect to find a large unknown animal, but microorganisms and other microscopic life have been found. Yet, in October of 1999 an article appeared in The Boston Globe by Chet Raymo entitled "A real cool Jules Verne-like journey." Within this clever title are references to ways that these enterprising researchers can raise money or pay for the estimated $20 million dollar exploration of Lake Vostok. The suggestion, in a tongue-in-cheek manner, deals with mysterious lake denizens throughout the world like Nessie from Loch Ness and Champ from Lake Champlain, in other words use the worlds fascination with the unknown animals of the world to further scientific venture.

Not a bad idea really, as perhaps no large species will be in the lake, there will be small species as early core tests have shown. Although small and microscopic they can act as our eyes backwards in time, to a time before memory and life as we are aware. The problem arises though in the tongue-in-cheek approach to Lake Creatures undescribed by science. True many lakes have had reports over the years from well known lakes to smaller waterways and in virtually every state in the U.S. and countless countries throughout the world. Some are known hoaxes or tall tales, others have never been successfully described away. So the usage of "Lake Monsters" can be misgiving to what has occurred in reality.

any
The other touchy area of this article is the usage of the word dinosaurs in regards to these creatures of the lakes. Some have theorized that they are a form of aquatic reptile, akin to a plesiosaur, while others have theorized that these creatures are forms of whales or eels and other number of possible scenarios. The plesiosaur may stand out in many people minds as the romantic view of these creatures, and perhaps that is why many are fascinated with these same animals. To that point Raymo has a point:
"...but their prevalence tells us something important about the human psyche, the same lesson we learn from the popularity of films like Jurassic Park. Hidden worlds with monstrous creatures are archetypal images of myth and dream.
It is human nature to long for a lost place on this seemingly explored world. To find a place untouched by human hands, virgin to the touch of footfalls and deaf to the sounds of voices, a place with new life forms and exotic beauty. Vietnam has shown us that new species are found in a seemingly lost world, the ocean depths is in essence a lost world, and so then would an ice covered lake in the Antarctic. Does one have to envision a sauropod or surfacing plesiosaur to find a lost world? The answer is no, there are reports of these animals from remote areas (and not so remote) areas of the globe from Mokele-Mbembe in Africa to the Ular Tedong from Malaysia, but that does not mean these are the Jules Verne underground worlds or plateaus like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle envisioned in his The Lost World or island continents like Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote.
The lost worlds are those we have not dared venture into. The lands unseen by our own eyes, be it the woods behind your houses or a land far away. Man may have seen these areas, but have you? Man may have stepped foot there, but it does not mean that these areas are explored thoroughly. If they were would new species be being discovered, or rediscovered. How well we know our lands relies on how well we view them as Lost Worlds worth exploring for ourselves.
Source:
Raymo, Chet, A real cool Jules Verne-like journey, The Boston Globe, October 18, 1999
Thanks to Rich Hansen of West Roxbury, Massachusetts for sending in the article
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Reviews:
Note: All reviews by Craig Heinselman unless stated otherwise.
If your looking to purchase one of these books, known sources that carry them are listed by each title. Additionally use the ISBN number and order it through a local bookstore in your area (always best to support local merchants if possible). Additionally a five star rating system has been utilized, the highest rating is henceforth five stars ✶✶✶✶✶ and the lowest rating one star * These ratings appear next to the publisher, year and length of item (as applicable to media being reviewed).
Bigfoot The Legend Lives On
Authors: L.L. Owens
[AD] ISBN 0-7891-2867-5
Perfection Learning Corporation, Logan (Iowa, USA), 1999, 56 Pages
***
This is a book that is available via school orderings, for private purchase contact Perfection
[AD] Learning Corporation at 1-800-268-4557, Fax: (905) 828-2761, E-mail: sbfmedia@idirect.com
BIGFOOT
The Linda Lived D

Other Names for Bigfoot
Abominable Snowman
Alma
Pag kler Brother
Chinese Wildman
Hairy Ghost
Minnesota Iceman
One Who Runs and Hides
Sasquash
Stick Shower Indian
Stone Giant
Turber Giant
Upslope Person
Wicked Cannibal Grani
Woot Mar
Yett
Yewie

This small book mixes various elements together to tell a fictional story about the legend of Bigfoot around Mount Rainier. Although for the most part the book is fictional based, there are sidebars and pages that deal with a nonfictional side of Sasquatch studies. The other important characteristic of the book, which is designed as a type of education work, is the use of various races in the text, with the main character being an African American. While this may not seem important, it should be realized that for the most part Caucasians are used in most fictional stories about Sasquatch and as a form of educational tooling the mixed races allows a broader readership.

Although various elements of the story are interesting, such as the purposeful hoaxing of tracks to enlighten the tourist trade of the area by a store clerk and the recounting of Native American legends of the Sasquatch by a Yakama character in the story. Other elements of the nonfictional sidebars are less than accurate. Although these may not be critical for the young adult or child the book is intended for, they do show some failure in accurate representation of the Sasquatch representation

This image of Other Names for Bigfoot (from page 10 of the book) is one such example of faulty representation of names. Sasquatch or Bigfoot is the mystery biped or Homid from North America. These other names, for the most part, do not represent North America. The Yeti is from Asia, the Yowie from Australia and the Minnesota Iceman was a body and not a group description. This same idea translates over to another series of Examples of Bigfoot Folklore sidebars on pages 45 and 46, wherein the Chinese and the Sherpas are grouped with the Hoopa, Mohawk and other North America native people.

Overall though the book does offer an interesting introduction to the Bigfoot phenomenon in North America. The reader or educator who utilizes the story must be aware though that certain elements are intermingled that do not relate to North America.

Tasmanian Tiger: A Lesson to be Learnt
Authors: Eric Guiler and Philippe Godard
ISBN 0-9585791-0-5
Abrolhos Publishing, Perth (Australia), 1998, 256 Pages
Try contacting Abrolhos Publishing directly at QVI Buildling, 25th Level, 250 St. George's Terrace, Perth 6000, Australia.
Tasmanian
This oversized hardback book is perhaps the ultimate guide to the Tasmanian Tiger (Thylacimus cynocephalus, or Thylacine to many), a favorite animal of many people interested in cryptozoology. Filled with full color illustrations, painting reproductions and rare film images of the Thylacine the book is as eye appealing as it is mind appealing for the research it covers.
Although the authors do not hold that the Thylacine is still living, they do cover the history of this animal as well as the searches for it in the last fifty years. From the earliest published description of the animal from 1808 by George Harris and aboriginal accounts of the animal to the slow extermination of the animal by colonist to Tasmanian at the turn of the twentieth century, a full history is presented.
Of interest to cryptozoology researchers would be chapter ten in particular, entitled Expeditions and Searches. Within its 37 pages brief mentions and histories of Tasmanian searches for the Thylacine since 1937 and going to 1992 are listed, along with photographs of the areas and possible evidence. Although the authors had stated in the foreword:
Eric Gullar Philippe Godard
"In all honesty, the authors must admit to being of those who no longer really believe... in the survival of the Tasmanian Tiger..
They do show the searches in an unbiased manner, and although skeptical of the visual reports they do reserve their comments to the end of the section:
"It is abundantly clear that there is little point in plunging head first into the investigation of new sighting reports, in which identification of the animal may be incorrect and thus time and money wasted."
This is arguable as to whether it is a waste of time or not, as research and investigation add clues to locations of possible survival and without these investigations the proof or lack there-of would not be found to substantiate once an for all the authenticity of the survival of the Tasmania Tiger. Regardless a fair handling of actual searches is presented for the reader.
Also of interest is the eleventh chapter entitled The Impossible Dream, which covers the idea of cloning the Tasmanian Tiger, a topic hotly debated in 1999. Within this chapter the ideas of cloning other "extinct" species is touched on, including the dodo, quagga, mammoth and moa. A relatively thorough idea of the principal and methodology of cloning is shown, and the current problems with resurrecting an "extinct" species.
Overall this thorough tome is an excellent reference work of the historical data of the Thylacine in Tasmania and would be a cherished possession of Thylacine lovers worldwide.

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November 1999
CRYPTO-Puzzle for November 1999
The winner will be determined by the first submitted correct answer to the quiz. Likewise the second and third place winners will be determined by their arrival dates. Acceptable ways of sending the completed Cryptoseek puzzle are via e-mail, postal letter or fax sent to the editor. The contest ends at midnight January 1, 2000 (EST).
The Prizes:
1st
st Prize
2nd Prize
3rd Prize
A VHS copy of the Hammer movie The Abominable Snowman starring Peter Cushing and Forrest Tucker. This is a Widescreen Version with the U.S. theatrical trailer. A VHS copy of the documentary Bigfoot from then television channel A&E goes with the prize.
A VHS copy of Chupacabra by Adventures Beyond. A documentary regarding the Chupacabra of Puerto Rico. A toy Chupacabra also goes with this prize plus a surprise Chupacabra item.
A Coelacanth key chain and Bigfoot stickers plus a mystery bonus.
The Quiz
Answer the following questions correctly to win:
1) The name of the Colonel who had a brief dealing with regard to the Marozi (spotted lion) in the early 1900's and has been mentioned recently in regards to relabeling and reassigning collection locations to various bird species, including the forest owlet rediscovered in 1997.
2) Name the author and subject of Savage Shadow, a book from the early 1980's that dealt with sightings and searches for a mystery animal in Australia.
3) In the 1970's this company with a U.S. distribution center in Minnetonka, Minnesota sold a winter novelty item called Bigfoot Snow Shoes. What is the name of the company?
4) In the early 1980's an author named Robin Brown wrote a fictional book dealing Megalodon. In the 1990's other authors have used this shark as a subject in fiction including Charles Wilson and Steve Alten. What was the name of Robin Brown's book?
5) The print cartoon Mother Goose and Grim did a series of cartoons in 1998. What cryptid did these cartoons deal with ?
6) Redmond O'Hanlon and Rory Nugent have both authored books dealing with this African cryptid. What is the name of this African mystery animal?

A Brief Encounter
by Richard J. LaMonica
Art Used by Permission of William Rebsamen
The story presented below was given to the editor in September of 1999. It is a descriptive piece written by Richard LaMonica from an experience he relates from 1993. It differs from many accounts of Bigfoot related incidents in that the presentation is in a form of a story and not just in the presentation of where, when, what and so forth. This style of presentation makes the incidents related more personal and more able for a person to relate to. Richard has given his permission to allow his story to be presented here, the artwork is used by way of William Rebsamen.
Richard J. LaMonica resides in Akron, Ohio (USA) and can be contacted at saskwatchr@email.msn.com. Richard also has a website worth visiting at http://www.geocities.com/Research Triangle/System/6591/index.html (NORKA of AKRON).
Richard has an audio recording of a series of sounds from Ohio that has become known as "The

Talker Tape” due to the linguistic style of these sounds. Contact him for more information regarding these curious recordings.
William Rebsamen resides Ft. Smith, Arkansas (USA) and can be reached at Cryptodude@aol.com. Bill has created artwork for such researchers as Dr. Karl P.N. Shuker, Loren Coleman, Scott Norman and William Gibbons that cover a large range of cryptozoological themes. Aside from his cryptozoological artwork, Bill performs wildlife artistry as well as the creation of cryptozoological themed music.
It was Fall 1993 and I had been anticipating a week of camping and a little research for the few months before my vacation. I had dreams of lunging beside a glowing campfire, watching gently running streams and listening to the chirps of crickets numbering in the thousands. Yes, October 3 would mark the beginning of a great week, or so I thought. It had been cold of late, so I packed some heavy clothes for warmth and headed up to my campsite.
I have been interested in the phenomenon of the wild people of the woods for over two decades. My fascination with the topic began the second I put my barefoot on top of the centerfold print of John Green's Sasquatch book. The book noted that the photo was the actual size of the footprint. "Wow, are you kidding?" I said to myself. "The owner of that print must be some big dude." Little did I know that I would later verify this in my own mind.
The third of October began much like any other autumn Sunday. The forecast promised warm weather for the whole week. This contradicted the prediction of the week before, and my choice of clothing was now a bad one.
My first task was to clear a trail to my campsite. I pitched a tent, unpacked food and cookware, and immediately built a fire pit. I had brought along four boxes of wood in case it rained. I had more urgent priorities than to spend my time gathering and drying out wet forest wood. I brewed my first pot of open-air coffee. From the moment I took the first sip, I felt a serenity that I hadn't felt in year. There was no jamming of truck gears, no squabbling children to scold, just an easy peace. "I am one with nature." I thought as I drained my cup.

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It was not by coincidence that I was in this particular spot. I was guided here by a fellow researcher. He had traveled these same woods for over twenty years. He told me of numerous footprints, noises and even suspected sightings. Then locals had told of these incidents, although somewhat reluctantly, for a number of years. It was in this very region that I had what I believe was my own sighting six or seven years back. I now had the time and experience to investigate the mystery of the century for myself.
My motivation for uncovering the secret of the Sasquatch was in the interest of the entity itself. "If I could just get close enough to acquire some concrete evidence then maybe people would be willing to let the creature live out its life in peace.
Sunday was sunny and warm, The birds were singing and the scene appeared peaceful. I did some scouting around the creek bed, checked out the hill behind my camp, and did some plant identification. I was looking for anything that seemed even faintly out-of-place or in any way not in keeping with its natural surroundings. I found coon, deer and other tracks, but nothing that even vaguely resembled human prints. I guess deep down I really didn't expect to. After a few hours of walking and familiarizing myself with my surroundings, I returned to camp. I wondered if fire-roasted hot dogs would smell as good to a Bigfoot as they did to me that night, I imaging myself offering one to my uninvited guest. "Would you like ketchup on yours, or are

you a mustard-and-onion guy like me?" IO thought with a wry smile.
I asked myself if something like the smell if roasting frankfurters would pique the interest of the mysterious creatures. Indeed, could something as simple as curiosity catch the cat? Hmmm, I wonder. Those were just two of the many questions I asked myself as daylight turned to dusk.
It soon became evident that being in Bigfoot country was much less daunting in the daylight that it was at night. I had a heck of a lot to experience that first evening.
"Was that an owl. 'I thought, "or something pretending to be an owl?" I wondered if it was possible for a Bigfoot to make a sound that perfectly mimicked a cricket. And exactly what was it that snapped those little brown twigs? Surely I would hear a Bigfoot if it did wander by. It had to be impossible for such a large creature to walk silently across a blanket of dry, dead leaves.
My mind was reeling. I tried to relax into some normality by reading, of all things, The Joy of Camping. I think I must have read the same page at least twenty times. Beep! Beep! Eleven o'clock. "It can't be that late." It thought. Time sure flied when you're having gun.
a
Stressed out though I was. I settled down to sleep. In a moment I was jarred by a loud noise. This was a real, honest-to-goodness noise, not the figment of my imagination. I knew there couldn't be donkeys in the area. But I swore that I heard the braying of a donkey. LOUD donkey. Now is not the time to check out the noise. I'll let this one wait until morning, when it's light enough to see. What time is it? Is it sunrise yet? Me nerves were jangled. What was THAT? Sounds like.
sounds like nothing. No, it's a moan, a deep moan.
UMMMM. UMMMM. UMMMM. I hear it. I know I hear it! It's out there. I can even feel the vibrations. Wait! The moaning has stopped. Yes, but it's whistling now. It must be a bird. Certainly there are night bids in these parts. But what kind? I don't know bird calls. MENTAL NOTE: HAVE TO CHECK LIBRARY FOR AUDIO TAPE OF BIRD CALLS INDIGENOUS TO THIS AREA. CHECK GOT IT. I had read that the wild man was capable of imitating a variety of animal calls. Could he be doing this? I have been away from the woods too long. I am thinking too much. I am letting my imagination overtake my good judgment. I notice that my Coleman lamp is very bright. This light is too bright, I thought. It can see me. It knows I'm here.

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STOP! I'm scaring myself. I need to sleep. I've been up too long, and I've been reading the same page for over an hour. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The witching hour has arrived. What ELSE could happen? If I could just get to that lamp, turn it out, return to the tent, and jump into my sleeping bah, I'd be safe. It wouldn't bother me if I were sleeping. Didn't Albert Ostman say that once?
Hold your breath, he'll think you're dead, and leave you alone. After all, that was the advice the natives used to give me about bears when I lived in Alaska. Do bears and Bigfoots think alike? SLEEP! SLEEP! And when you awake, Dorothy, you'll be home in Kansas.
Whew! What a night! My first night camping in Ohio woods was certainly not uneventful. Ohio is not as tame as many would imagine. I can now look into the woods with impunity. I spent ten years in the Alaskan wilderness becoming a man. Yet passing one night in the Ohio woods makes me feel as if I've regressed into a

little boy cowering under the covers of his bed. I am
ashamed of myself. But thankfully, with the sunrise comes a new day and another chance.
It is Monday, October 4, and I am determined to stick it out. I may go insane with fright, but I am sticking it out. But first, I need coffee. That caffeine rush will help me sort out my thoughts. I gathered some dry twigs and leaves. I wondered if I was picking up the same leaves that held a telltale scent of Bigfoot as he roamed the night before. I used the leaves to build a warm, inviting fire. "Coffees on, Mr. Bigfoot. Want a cup?" The sunlight put me in a jocular mood. Monday began and ended without a single sound that I would deem unidentifiable. I was feeling a bit more at ease with my surroundings. I began to feel more like a pioneer, or maybe an Indian who was just getting "broken in." The air was fresh, and the combination of wood smoke and simmering food smelled great. I had nothing to worry about. No one has even proven that Bigfoot is an actual creature. Scientists have nothing that can be considered absolute, concrete, proof-positive of the Bigfoot's existence. Why should I get myself all worked up over some mythological beast? BEEP! BEEP! It is already time to get some shut-eye. The crickets are singing lullabies. Monday is history, and so am I.
CRRAAWWK! CRRAAWK! Has my watch gone nature freak? It used to say BEEP!
BEEP! First crows I've heard since I've been here. The Amerinds hold crows and ravens in high regard. It's something spiritual, I think.
Although Tuesday, October 5 started out normally, I couldn't help but feel that
something was in the air. It seems strange now as I think back on that day. But I don't remember hearing any of the usual morning sounds. No birds, no bugs, nothing. Nothing, that is, except the cawing of crows. The sun was warm. I had heard that some large catfish inhabited the nearby stream, so I went to check it out. The creek looked like a promising place to toss a line. There was only one problem. I had forgotten my fishing gear. I sat down on a large rock and pondered my dilemma. What I needed was to win the lottery, I thought. That way I could spend the rest of my days in the great out-of-doors, doing absolutely nothing but taking it all in.
I continued to sit for awhile and bask in the warm sun. Eventually I dragged my middle-aged bones back to the camp. I consumed another cup of coffee and then headed out for a hike. The Ohio hills in October are a majestic sight. They are ablaze with hues of red, orange and gold. It almost seemed as if the leaves changed colors by the minute. As I hiked, I carried out some Bigfoot research. I looked for prints, hair, feces; anything that might lend a clue to this phenomenon. I found nothing significant.

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I have an interest in plants used as medicine, so I did some research on that. I also used my hike to familiarize myself with the flora of the area. Perhaps if I located areas of the woods with heavy concentrations of food sources, I could also be visiting areas where the Bigfoot congregates. After all the Bigfoot would have to be experts in finding and collecting such food. I spent the better part of the day searching and analyzing. My food and water supply was dwindling along with my energy, so I made my own tracks back to camp. Coffee, hot coffee. Stoke the fire. Put on a fresh pot. Coffee tastes so much better over an open fire. When I get home, I'm going to build a campfire in my kitchen every morning. I'm beginning to feel so much at ease in the woods that I think I was born to it. Yep. I'll bet I was Daniel Boone in another life. Or maybe I'm just a little loony.
What for dinner. I brought tons of food. Anyone would think I planned to be out here for a couple of months, instead of a week. BEEP! BEEP! Better get bust, or it'll be too late to eat. I

settled down after dinner, and grabbed a book by my favorite outdoor writer Bradford Angier. Tonight he would tell me "How to Stay Alive in the Woods." If only he had included a few hints about what I should do in the event that I meet Bigfoot! Maybe he doesn't really known, or maybe like the locals, he's just not saying.

It's odd, but I'm not hearing any crickets.

Surely the crows haven't eaten all of them. I feel more secure when I hear those doggone crickets. Tonight I am feeling uneasy. It is way too quiet. Why did I say that? OH, No! The sound is coming from above the tent. Is it a bird... is it a crane...or is it...nah.... Can't be. It sure is an ODD sound, though. It is a strange kind of whistle. I can honestly say that I have never heard a bird in the city that sounded anything like it. It is kind of a mix of vibrating and warbling sound, as you'd make if you puffed up your cheeks and flapped a tune with your tongue. WAIT! They're calling each other. There are two whistles, one above me and one below. HOLD YOUR BREATH! PLAY DEAD!

PULL THE COVERS OVER YOUR HEAD! STOP IT! You're here to research, to be an observer. How can you do that if you're hiding in your sleeping bag?

HHOOLLEEE! I can't believe what I'm hearing. Is it a long, drawn-out howl...or is it... SCREAMING. Yes, now it is SCREAMING. I have heard something similar to that before. Yes, of course. It was in that movie, Bob Morgan's movie. I just hope it stays where it is. Please! Don't come down here! I am beginning to feel like that scared kid again.

SNAP! SNAP! I've just heard a big limb snap. This is a BIG snap. Something is moving. It's moving to your left. Hold your breath. Maybe if you stay perfectly still you can hear it better

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Shut up your damn watch!! It'll hear you!

MENTAL NOTE: TURN OFF ALARM WATCH! The dogs to my left are going nuts. They are obviously barking at SOMETHING. Or is that someONE? It is below me now, and it's moaning. This is not my imagination. It is very terrifyingly REAL. UMMM. UMMM. UMMM. I hear the sound again and again. HOOT. HOOT. HOOT. HOOT. This is either a great imitation, or a very BIG OWL. Just try to relax and keep holding your breath, I tell myself. Another pack of dogs to my right are going nuts. What the HELL??! I am not hearing anything now, no moans, hoots or

breathe now." I tell myself. Ah, yes, silence at last.

screams. I continue to hear the howling of excited dogs, but it eventually trails off. "You can

How did I fall asleep last night? Was it the fatigue brought about by sheer terror? I'll never know for sure. Just as I'll never know for sure WHAT made the combination "howl-scream" that tore through the night air. It wasn't human, that much I do know. Try as I might, I

WITH YOU NEXT TIME, DUMMY!

could not come close to recreating that sound. MENTAL NOTE: BRING A TAPE RECORDER

"Are you up?" J.D. asked, "I just stopped by to find out how things are going.

"You really should have been here last night with your recorder," I told him. "I heard the most God-awful shrieks I have ever heard in my life. They were whistles, moans and all kinds of strange noises.

Over coffee, I shared the night's proceeding with J.D. He, in turn, told me of some of his more notable experiences in the wilds. One can never be totally sure about people, but I knew the

tale of last night definitely was true. Before bidding me adieu, J.D. left me a double-barrel shotgun loaded with 00 buck. I would never want to harm a Bigfoot, just distract it if I had to. That morning I headed out to scout the area from which the loudest screams emanated. I had been searching for what must have been at least an hour, when it popped right in front of me. No, not the BIG "it." The little "it." A footprint! I took great care to mark the spot. I returned with a tape measure. The print was over thirteen inches long, five and a half inches at the ball, and four inches at the heel. It was certainly bigger than the print left by my size 8 ½ boot. I have been hiking in that area a couple of days before, and the print was not there then. I needed to return home with concrete evidence but - forgive the pun - I had no plaster. I felt that a ride to the local store would do me some good anyway, so off I went. The cast is now secreted in my bureau drawer. I have it and the still-clear memory of those sounds in the night as personal evidence of my experience. It is the real McCoy. There is no way that I imagined any of it.
I stayed at the camp for the rest of the week. I had no face-to-face encounters with the elusive Bigfoot. The only sounds I heard were the familiar sounds of the Ohio woods in autumn. But, I felt I never again needed ---or WANTED - to hear the screaming sounds of October 5. They were forever etched in brain.
my
I broke camp and left everything to realign itself back to nature. As I walked away, the crickets, birds and animals sang their farewells. Well, at lease I thought they were crickets.
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Classifieds & Miscellany
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Correction: The image of Ogopogo from a postcard that appeared on the cover of the last issue was made possible by a donation by Michael Lanzillo from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (USA). Apologies go out to Mike for not mentioning this at that time.
The next edition of Crypto will be out in January 2000.
Until Then; HAPPY HOLIDAYS
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